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FOREST SCENE

BY

BRYA

LONGFELLO

AND OTHE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

JOHN A

ap 5

Lizzie L. Dawson.

from

Grandma B

Christmas 1885.

Lizzie L. Dawson.

from

Grandma

Christmas 1885.

In the Woods
Illustrated
by
JOHN A. HOWS

FOREST SCENES

BY

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, ALFRED B. STREET,

ILLUSTRATED BY

JOHN A. HOWS.

"The nunneries of silent nooks,
The murmur'd longing of the wood" — LOWELL

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IN THE WOODS:

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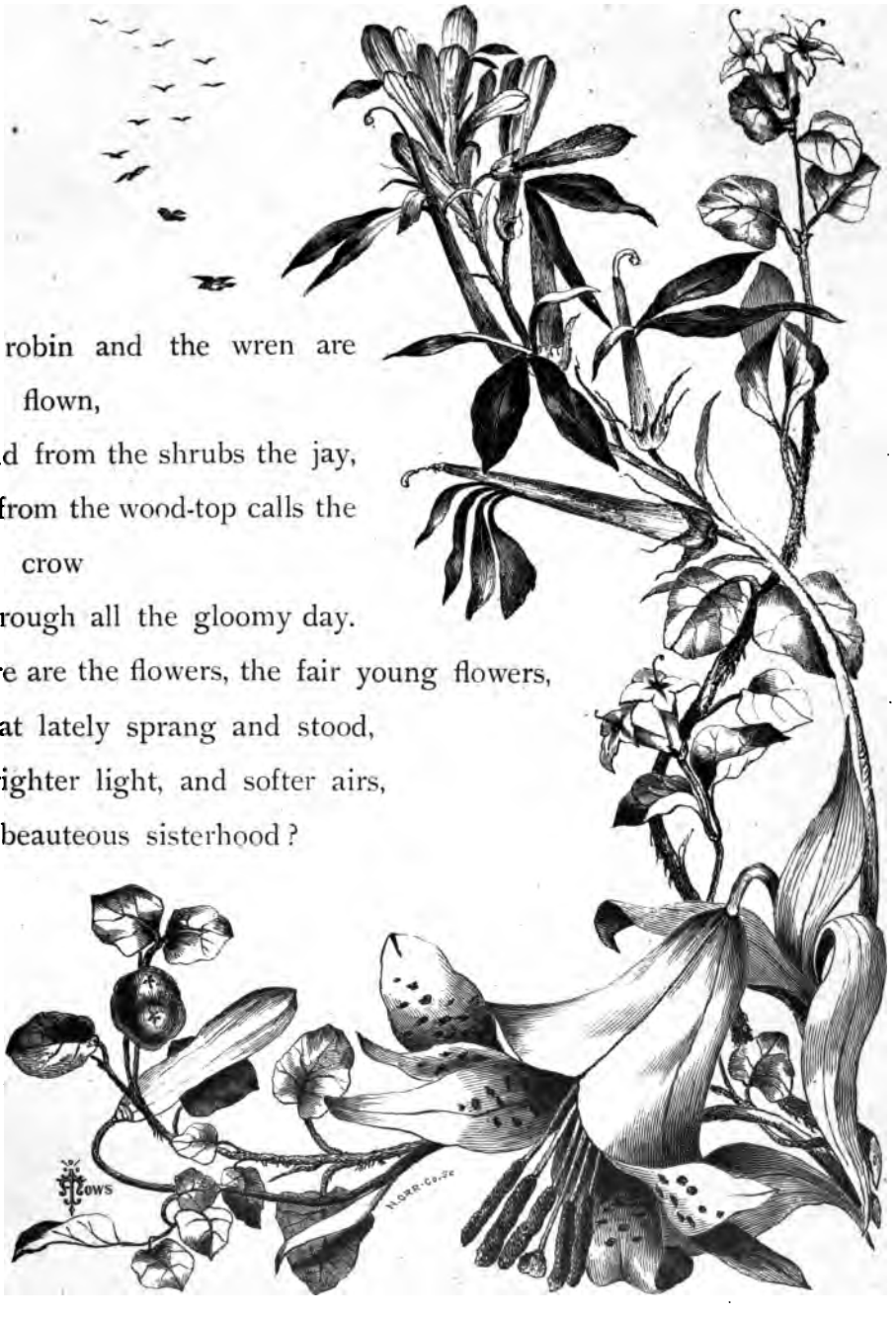
In the Woods

the
Death
of the
Flowers

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.



The robin and the wren are
flown,
And from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the
crow
Through all the gloomy day.
Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprang and stood,
In brighter light, and softer airs,
A beauteous sisterhood?

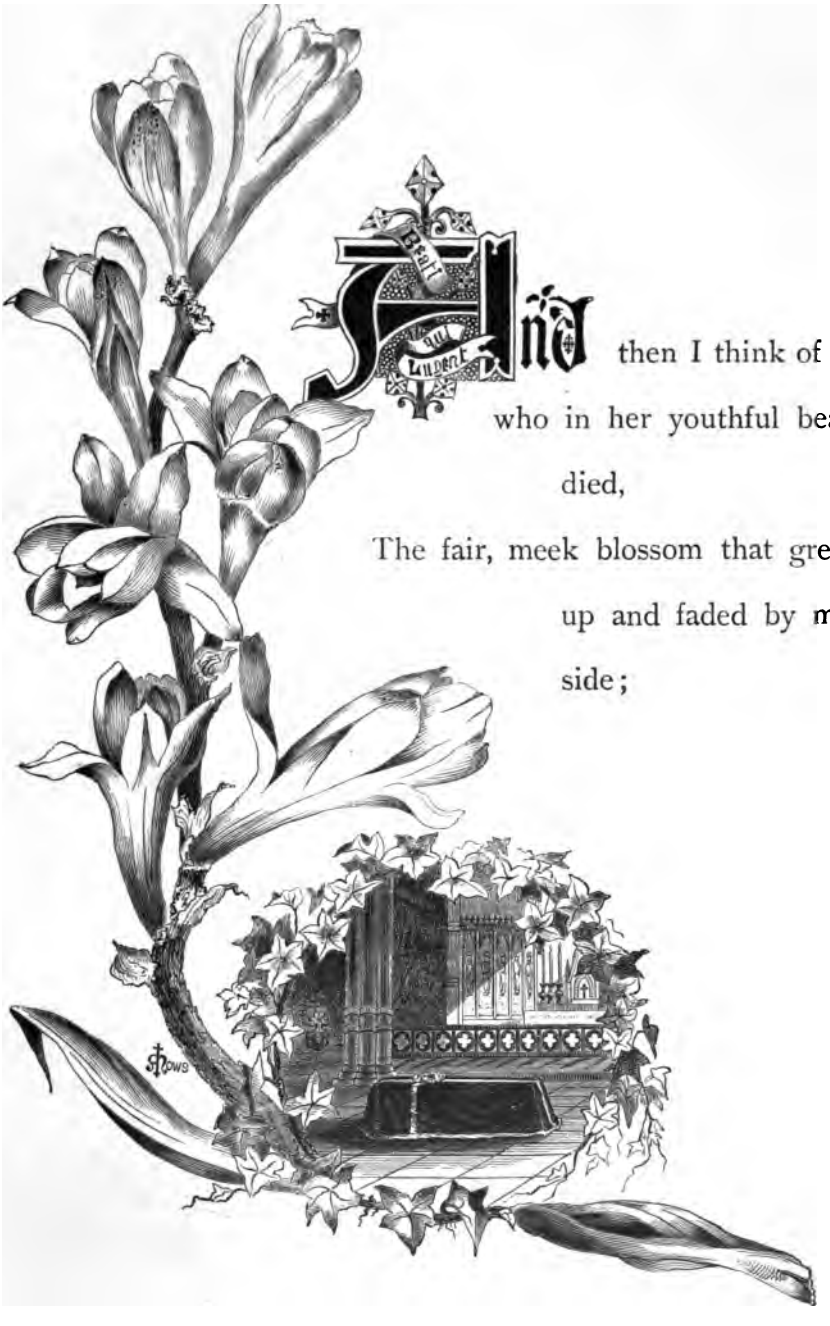
Alas! they all are in their
graves: the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with
the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but
the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth
the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet,
They perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis
Died amid the summer glow;

But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade, and glen.

And now when comes the calm mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill,

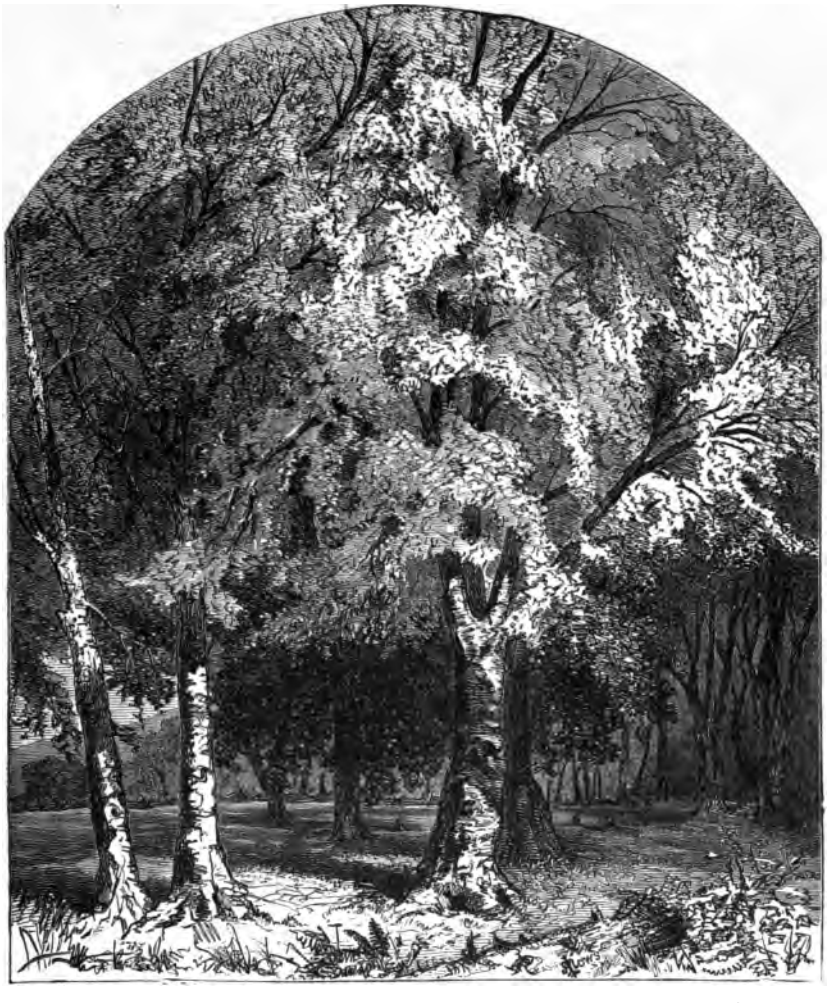
THE South-wind searches
for the flowers whose
fragrance late he
bore,
And sighs to find them
in the wood and by
the stream no more.



And then I think of one
who in her youthful beauty
died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew
up and faded by my
side;

In the cold, moist earth we laid her
When the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

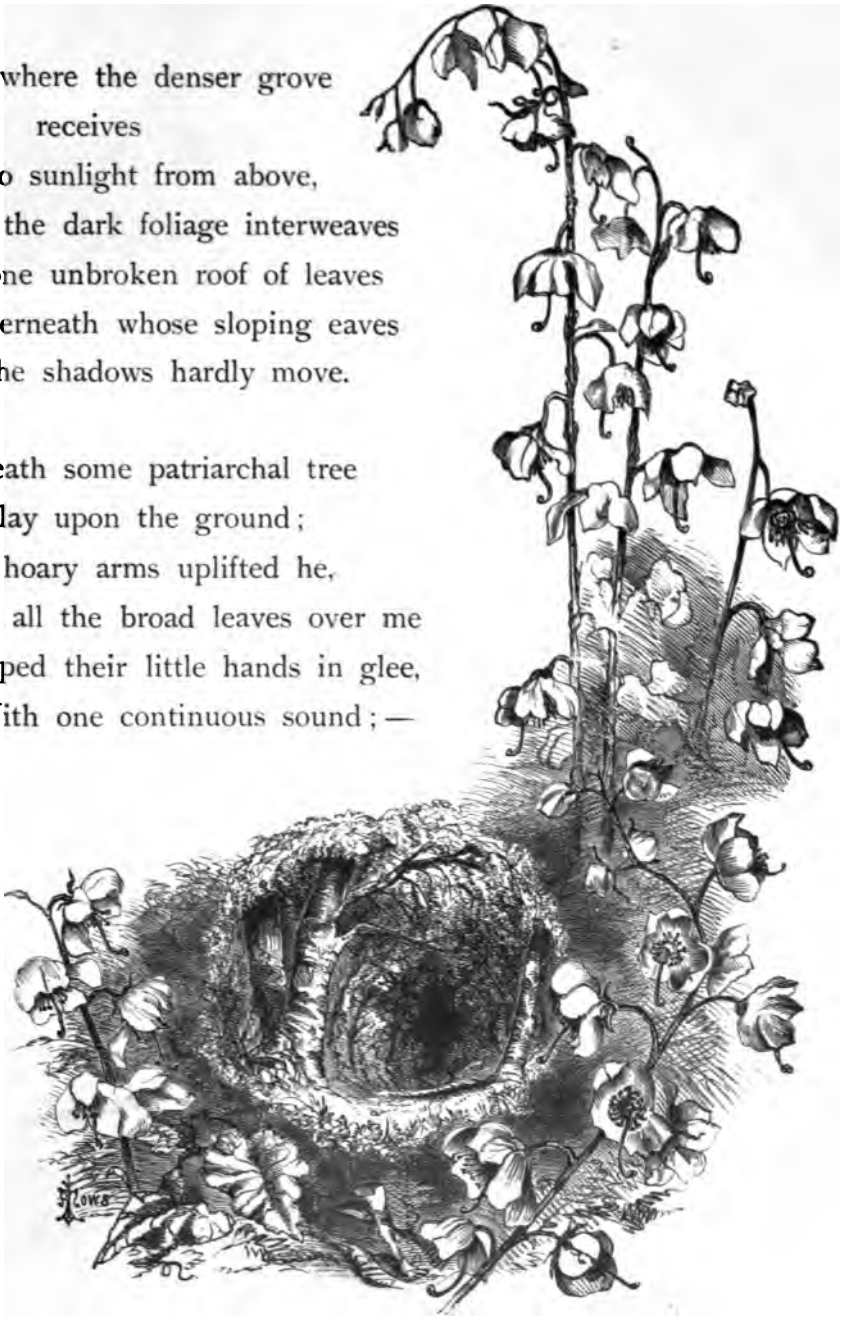
When woods
were green.



PLEASANT it was, when woods were green,
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark, and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go;

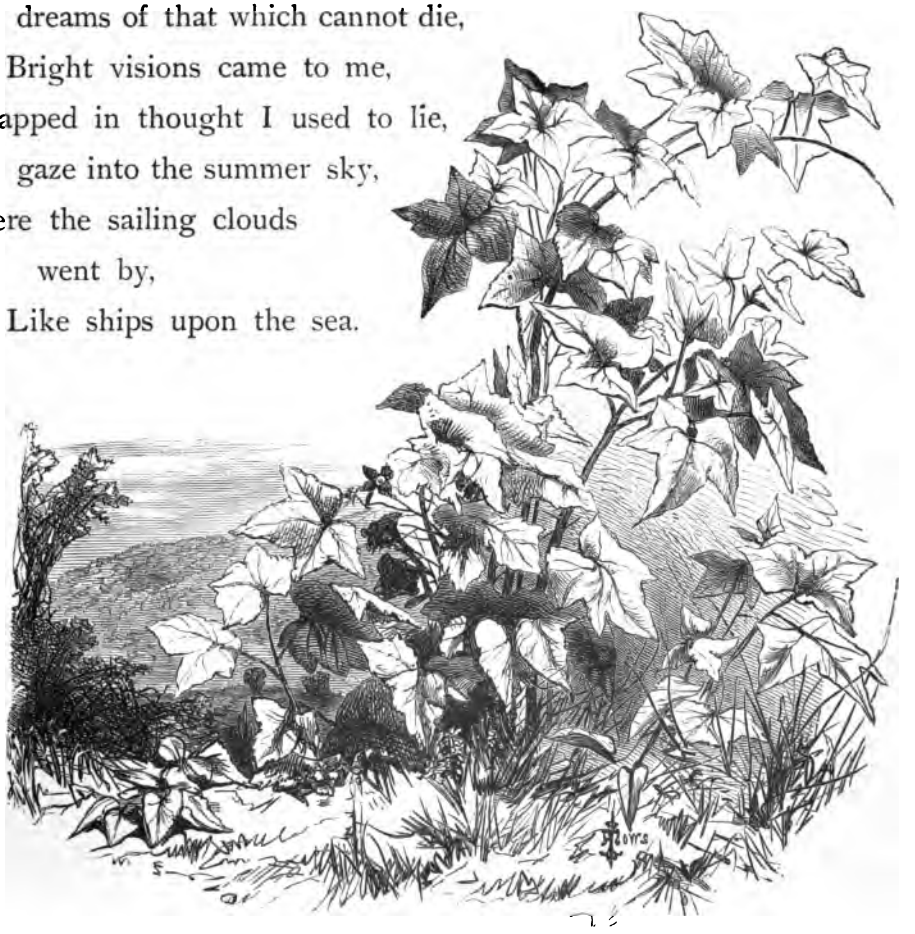
Or, where the denser grove
receives
No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves
In one unbroken roof of leaves
Underneath whose sloping eaves
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound;—



A slumberous sound — a sound that brings
The feelings of a dream —
As of unnumbered wings,
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmurings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,
Bright visions came to me,
As lapped in thought I used to lie,
And gaze into the summer sky,
Where the sailing clouds
went by,
Like ships upon the sea.

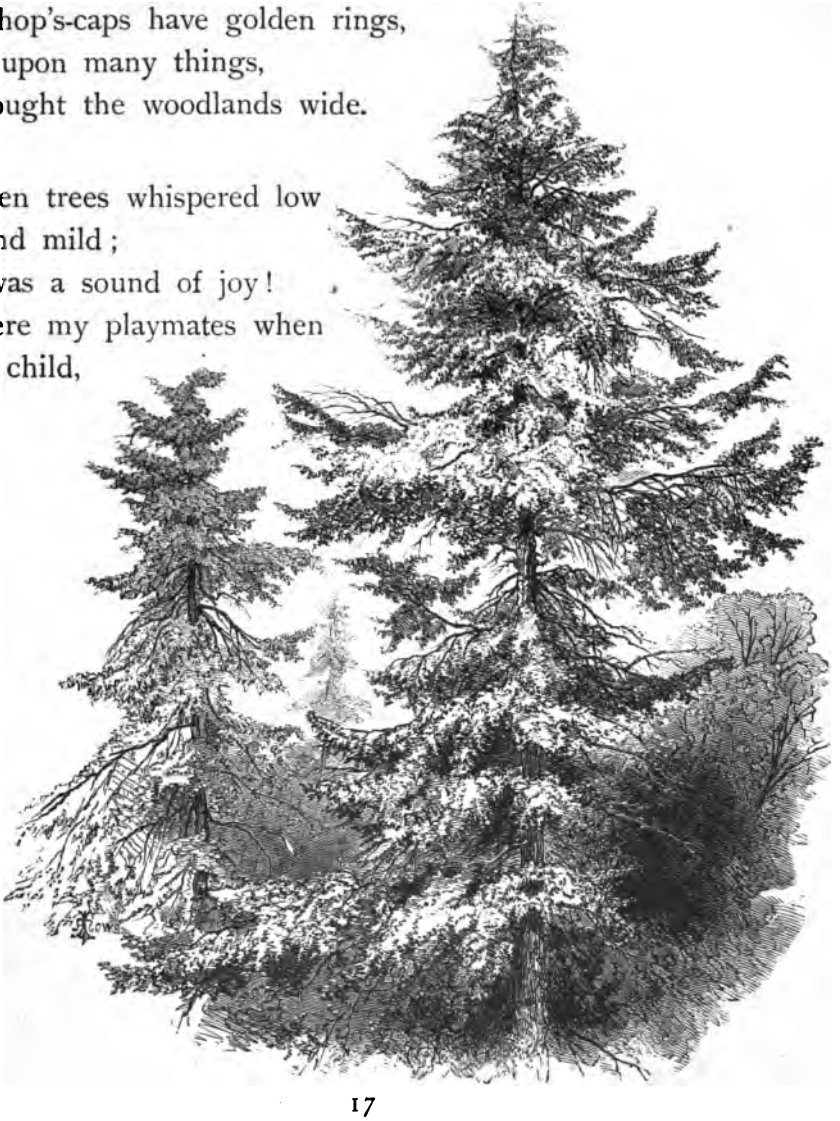


Dreams that the soul of youth engage
Ere Fancy has been quelled;
Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
And chronicles of Eld.

And, loving still these quaint old themes,
Even in the city's throng
I feel the freshness of the streams,
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,
Water the green land of dreams,
The holy land of song.

Therefore at Pentecost, which brings
The Spring, clothed like a bride,
When nestling buds unfold their wings
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,
Musing upon many things,
I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low
and mild;
It was a sound of joy!
They were my playmates when
a child,

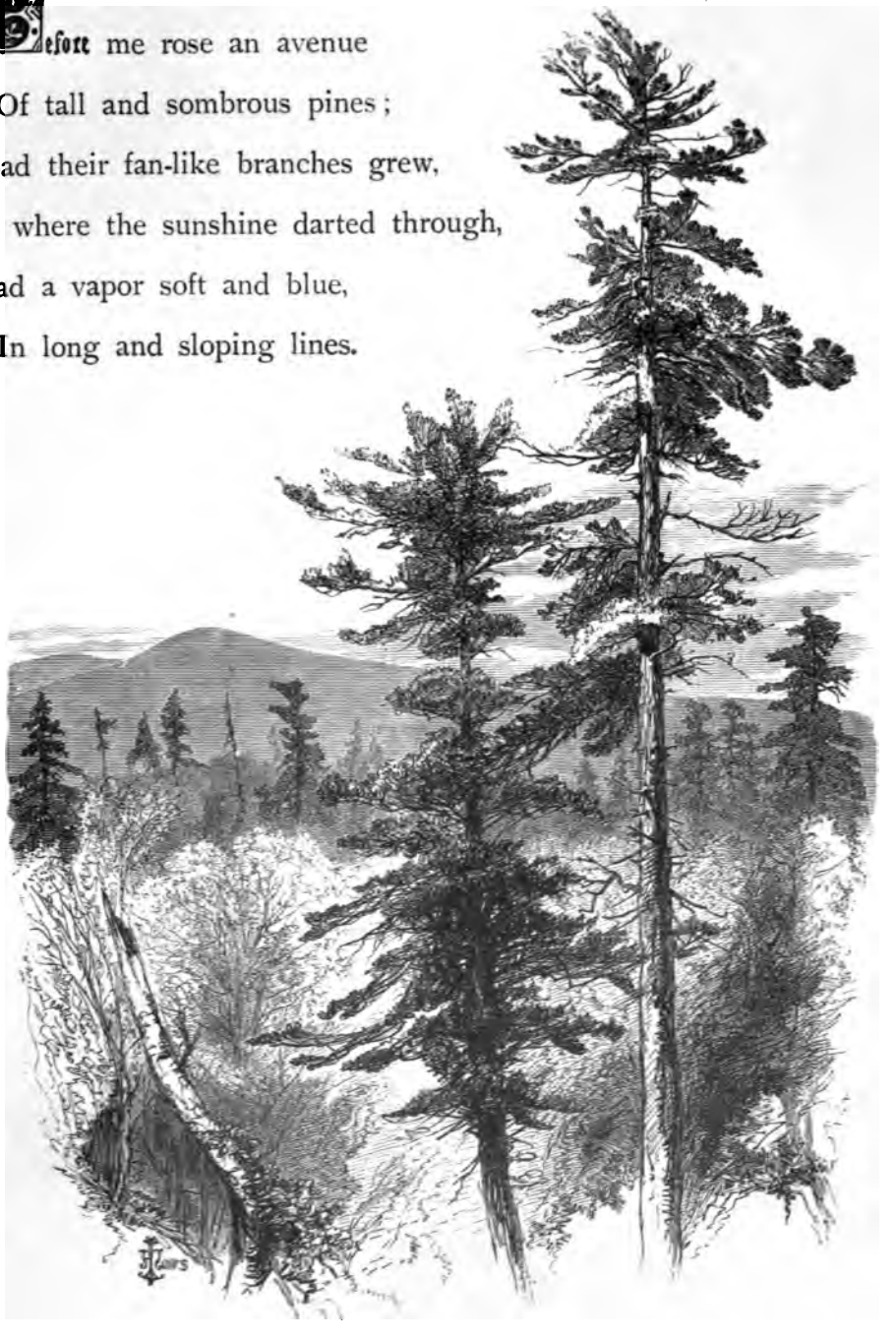


And rocked me in their arms so wild!
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy;

And ever whispered, mild and low,
"Come, be a child once more!"
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow;
O, I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar;

the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer!
Like one in prayer I stood.

Before me rose an avenue
Of tall and sombrous pines;
Abroad their fan-like branches grew,
And, where the sunshine darted through,
Spread a vapor soft and blue,
In long and sloping lines.



And falling on my weary brain,
Like a fast-falling shower,
The dreams of youth came back again,
Low lispings of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood! Stay, O stay!
Ye were so sweet and wild!
And distant voices seemed to say,
"It cannot be! They pass away!"

Wyoming.

A Fragment.

THOU com'st in beauty, on my gaze at last,
"On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming!"
Image of many a dream, in hours long past,
When life was in its bud and blossoming,
And waters gushing from the fountain-spring
Of pure enthusiast thought, dimmed my young eyes,
As by the poet borne, on unseen wing,

I breathed, in fancy, 'neath thy cloudless skies,

The summer's air, and heard her echoed harmonies.

I then but dreamed: thou art before me now,

In life, a vision of the brain no more.

I've stood upon the wooded mountain's brow,
That beetles high thy lovely valley o'er;
And now, where winds thy river's greenest shore,
Within a bower of Sycamores am laid;
And winds, as soft and sweet as ever bore
The fragrance of wild flowers through sun and shade,

Are singing in the trees, whose low boughs press my head.

Nature hath made thee lovelier than the power
Even of Campbell's pen hath pictured: he
Had woven, had he gazed one sunny hour
Upon thy smiling vale, its scenery
With more of truth, and made each rock and tree
Known like old friends, and greeted from afar.

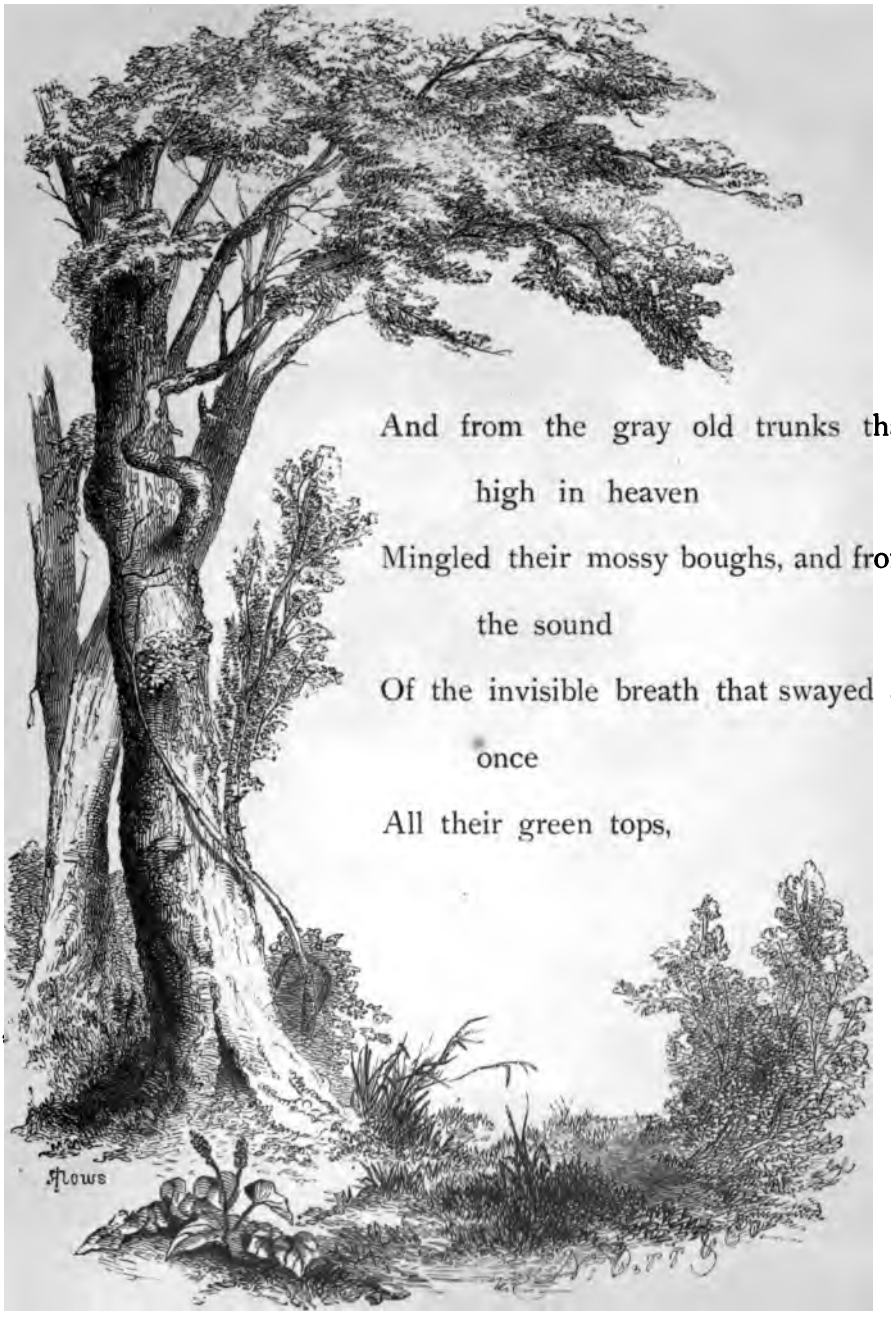
A
Forest
Grown

HOW AMIABLE ARE THY TABERNACLES OF LORD OF HOSTS
A
FOREST HYMN
BY
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT
WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
JOHN A. HUMS
BOSTON
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

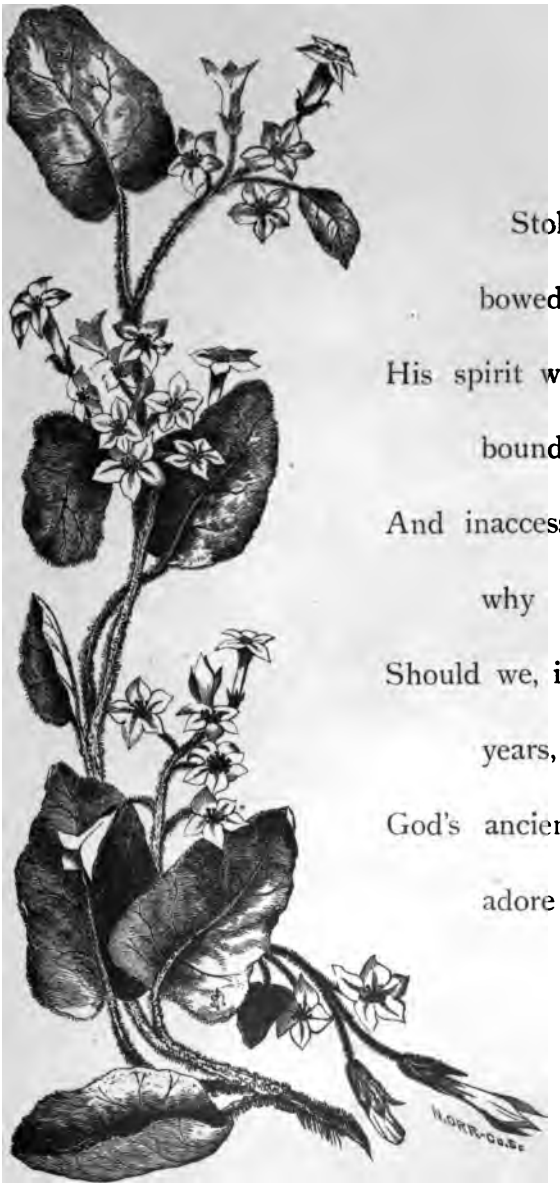
Enter this wild wood
And view the haunts of
Nature.

groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them, — ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks

And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,



And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops,



Stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore

Only among the crowd, and under roofs

That our frail hands have raised?

Let me, at least,

Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,

Offer one hymn — thrice happy, if it find

Acceptance in His ear.

Father, thy hand

Hath reared these venerable columns, thou

Didst weave this verdant roof.

Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in the breeze,
And shot towards heaven.

century-living crow,

Whose birth was in their tops, grew
old and died
Among their branches, till, at last,
they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall,
and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to
hold
Communion with his Maker.

These dim vaults,

These winding aisles,

Of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the
form
Of thy fair works.

But thou art here — thou fill'st

The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds

That run along the summit of these trees

In music; thou art in the cooler breath

That from the inmost darkness of the place

Comes, scarcely felt;

The barky trunks, the ground,

The fresh moist

ground,

Are all

instinct

With thee.

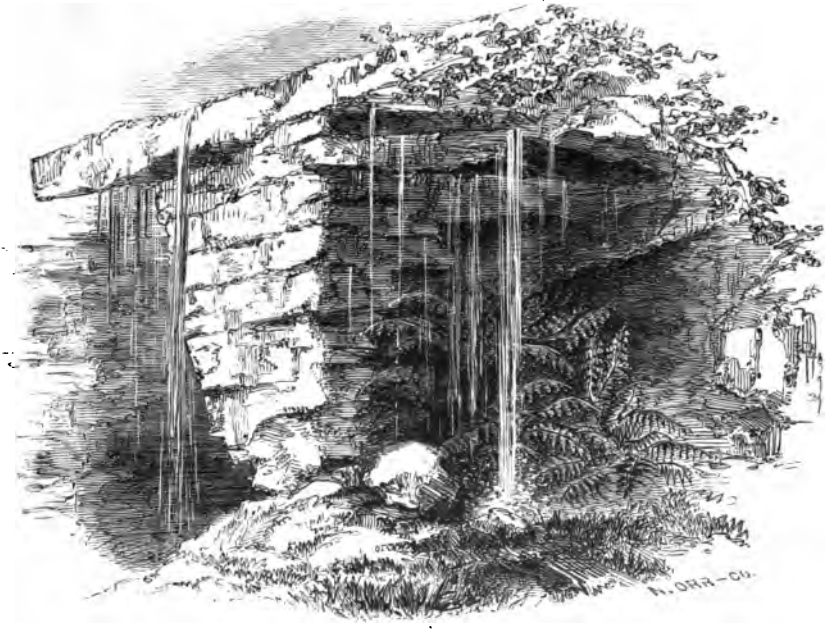
There is continual worship; — nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence.

Noiselessly, around,

From perch to perch, the solitary bird

Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,

Wells softly forth and wandering steeps the roots



Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does.

Thou hast not left

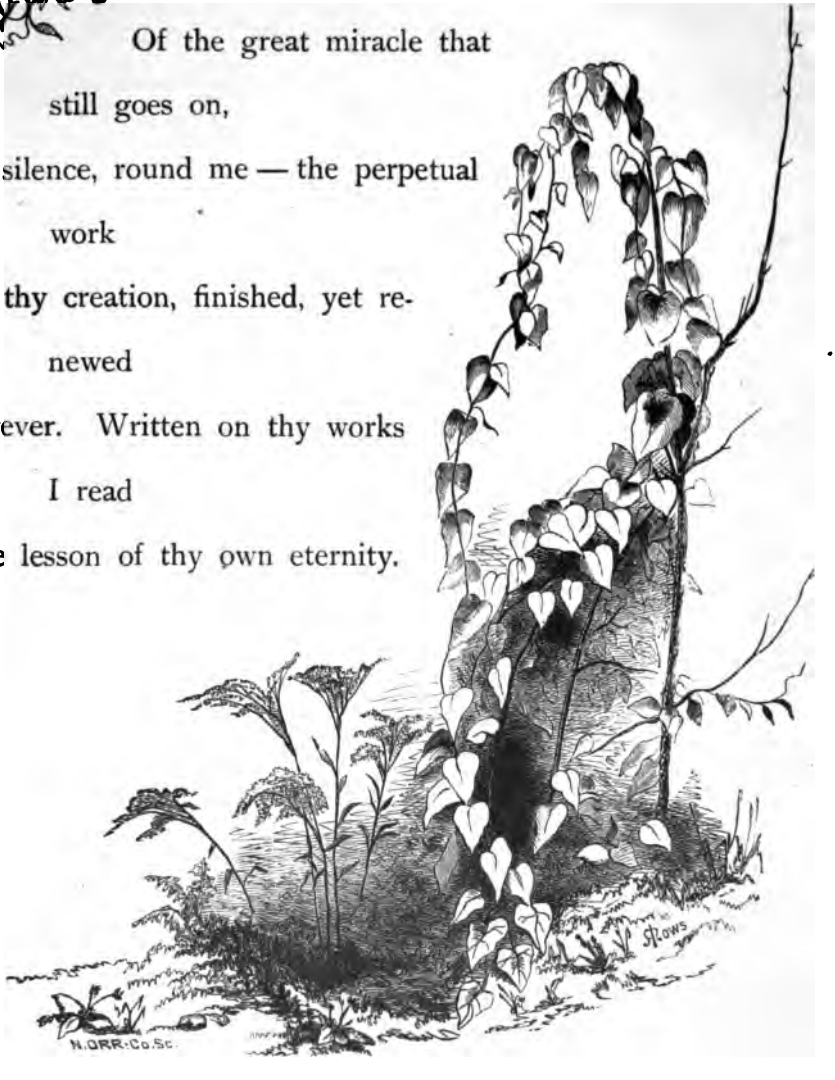
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,

Of thy perfections.

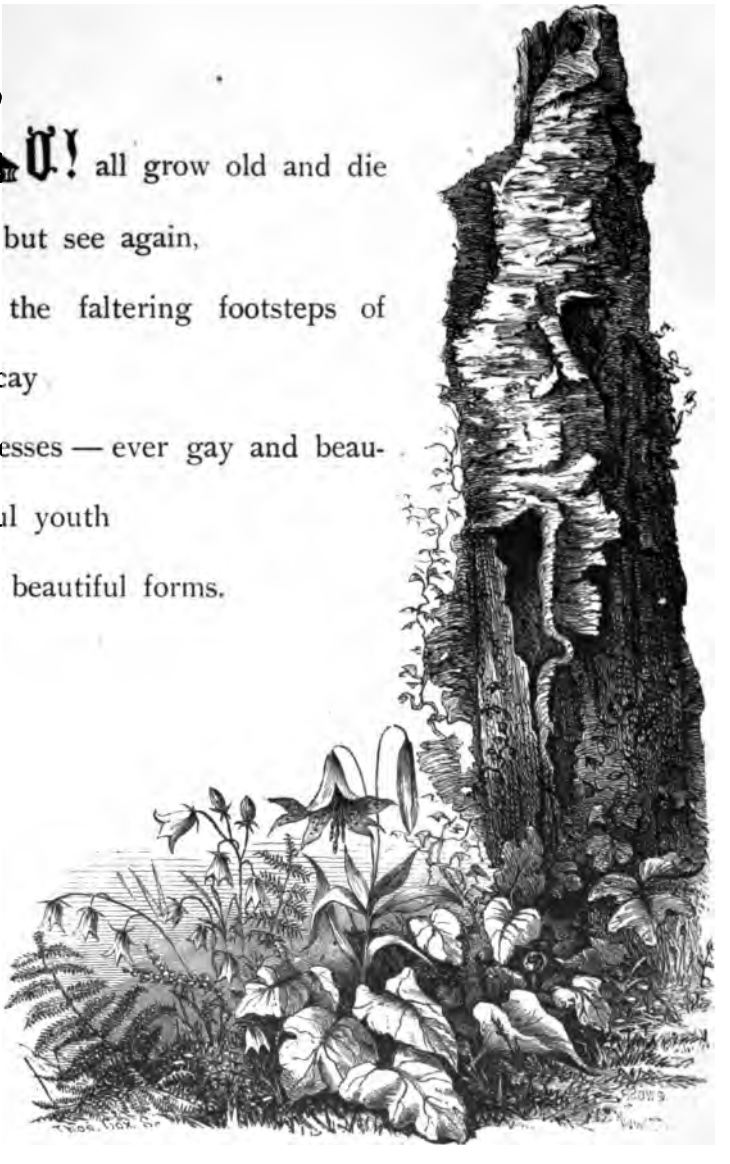
Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak —
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated — not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him.

Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the up-
holding Love,
That are the soul of this
wide universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me — the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.



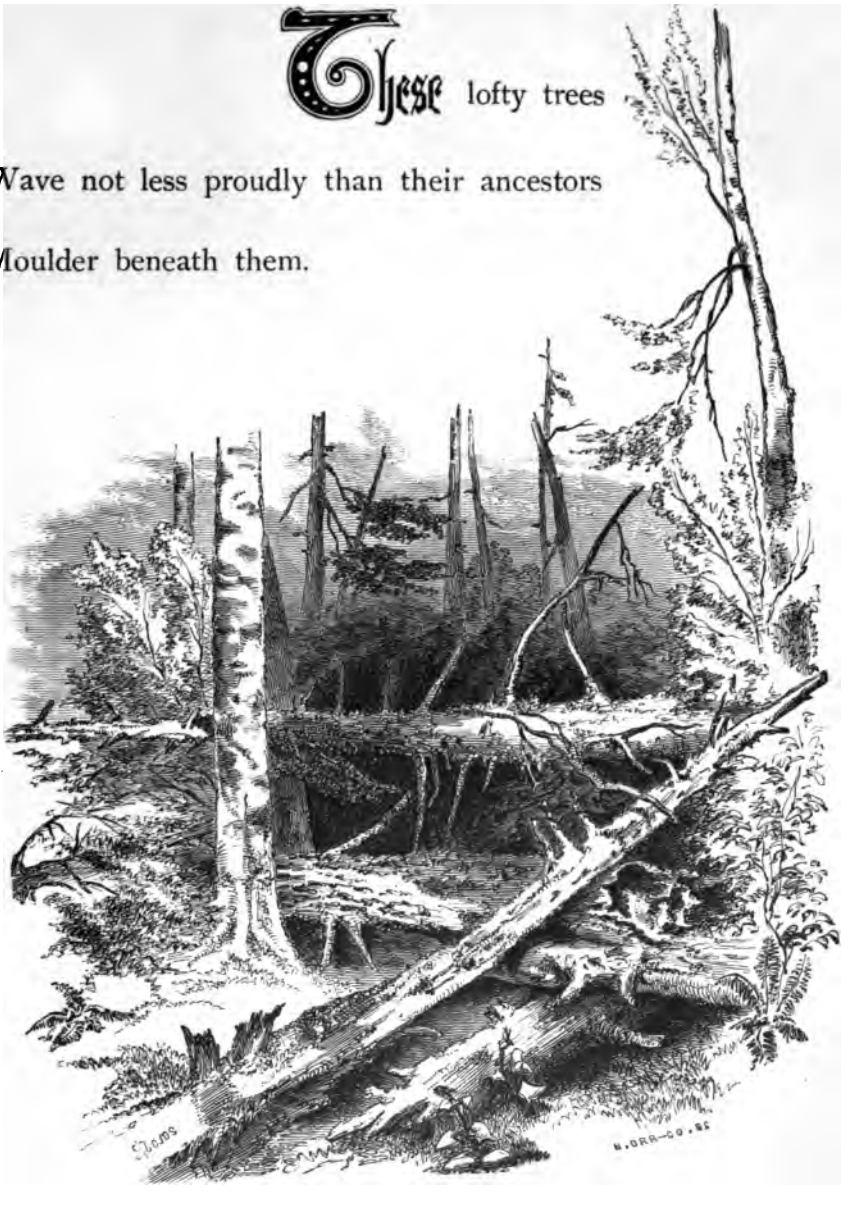
LO! all grow old and die
— but see again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses — ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms.



These lofty trees

Wave not less proudly than their ancestors

Moulder beneath them.



O, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her
bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centu-
ries,
The freshness of her far beginning
lies
And yet shall lie.

Life mocks the idle hate

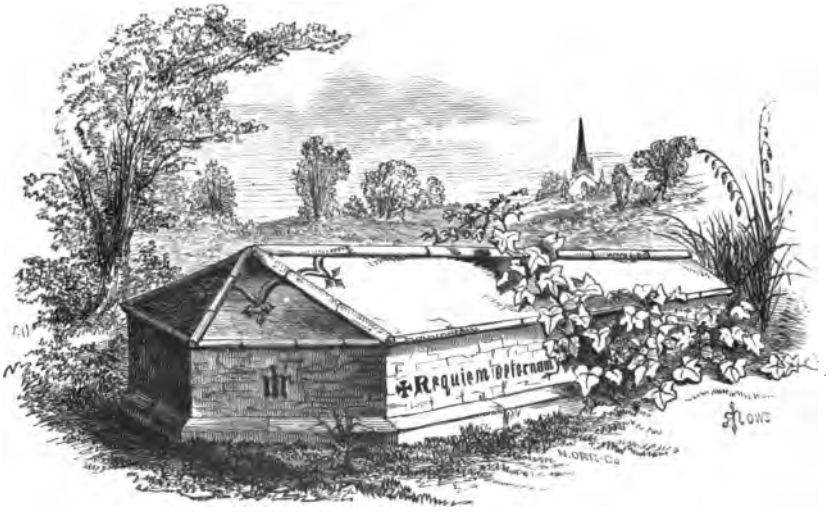
Of his arch enemy Death — yea, seats himself

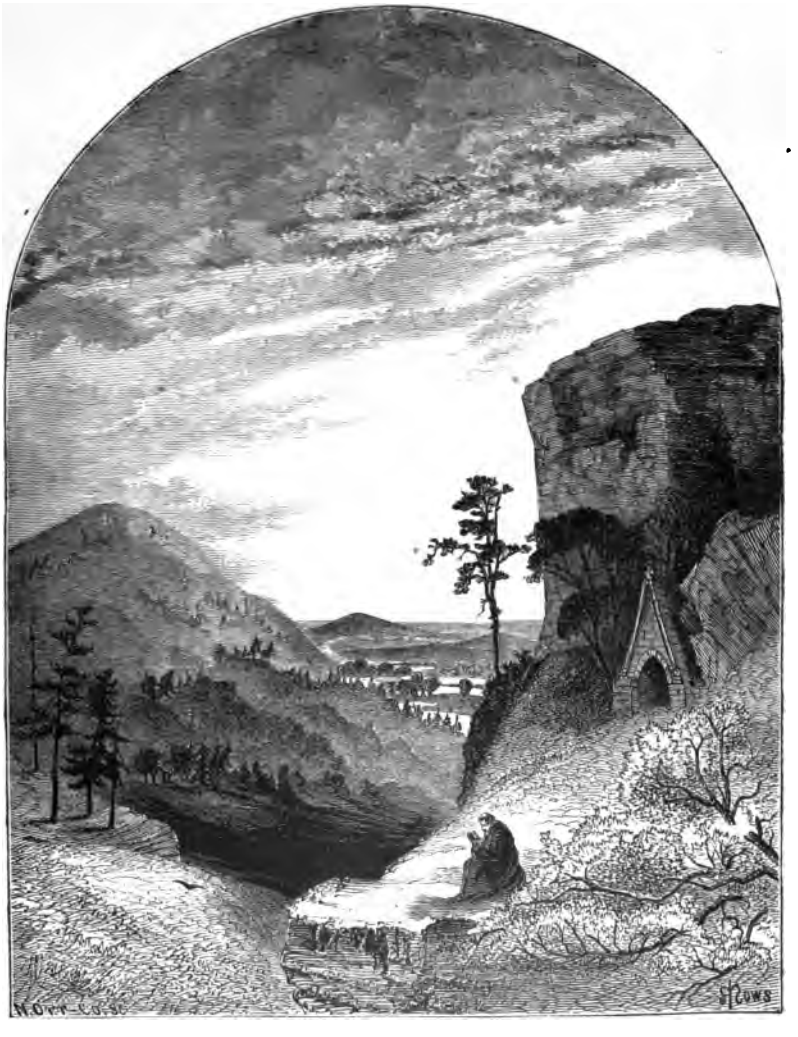
Upon the tyrant's throne — the sepulchre,

And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe

Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth

From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.





There have been holy men who hid themselves

Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave

Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived

generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them; — and there have been holy men
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink
And tremble and are still. O God! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,

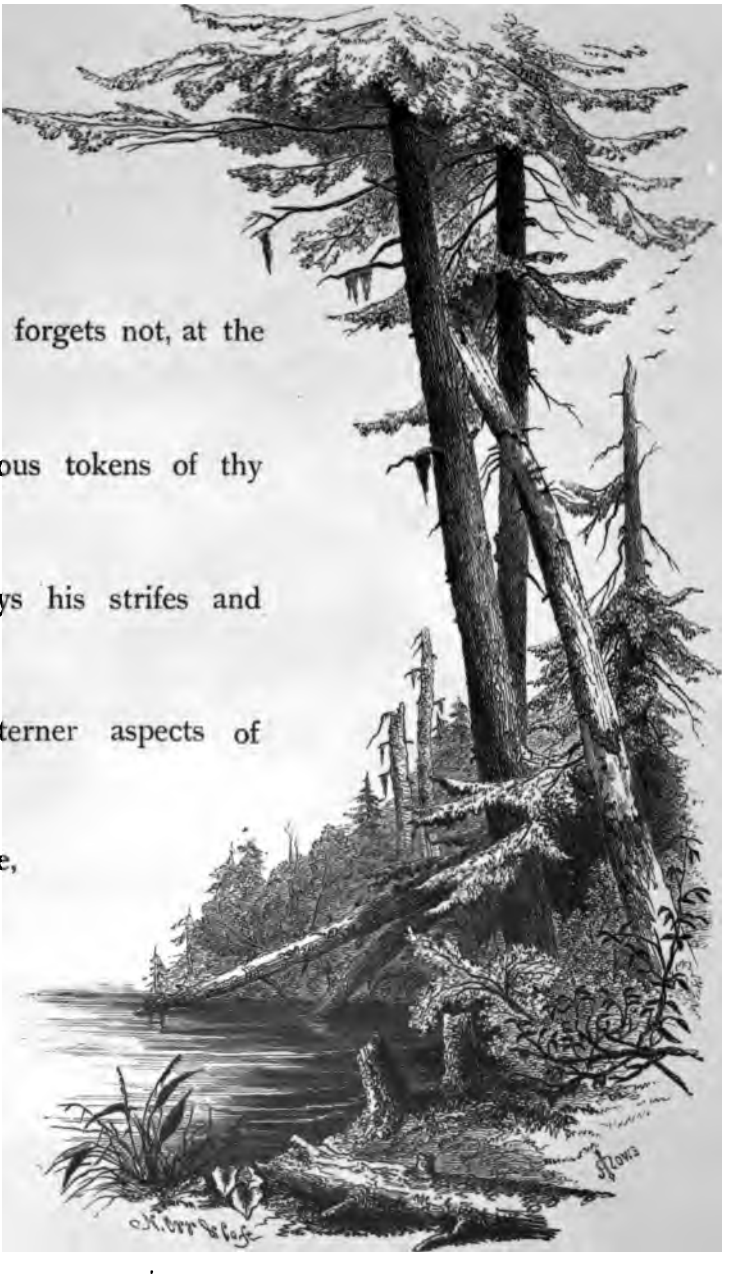
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods

And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,

Uprises the great deep and throws himself

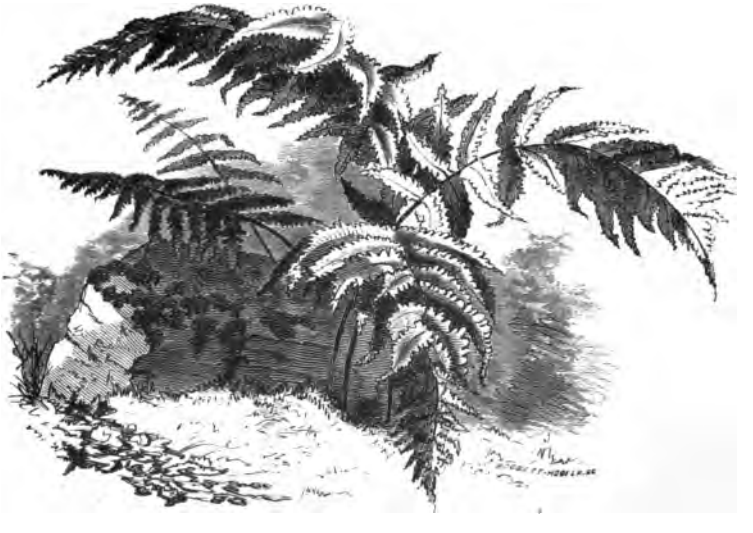
Upon the continent, and overwhelms

Its cities —



He forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
O, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine,

For let us need the wrath
Of the mad unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.



Forest Pictures

IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

AT REST.

THE soft Southwest says, Take thy rest
To-day upon Nature's kindly breast!

Those trees, that throw a network glow,
Of sable and gold, on the floor below,

Gleamed out last night, enamelled bright
In the kindling flush of my camp-fire's light.

From far crept fine the panther's whine,
And moaned and moaned the sorrowing pine.

The hemlock spread my fragrant bed,
And I lay till the live roof sang o'erhead.

Yes, balmy breeze, I'll take sweet ease,
Brimful of blisses, under the trees!

On yon dim spray, in russet gray,
Sits the Saranac Nightingale piping away!

That speck upon the cloud just won,
Is the black mountain eagle drinking the sun!

I'll launch my boat, and idly float
O'er the winding water, and all things note:

All things that gleam along the stream—
Water-bird, water-fly, blossom, or beam.

And thus the hours I'll wing with flowers,
And speed them away in these dreamy bowers.

THE STORM MOUNTAIN.

THE mountain frowns black to the battling storm.
He bristles his bayonet-pines to dare
The flashing charge of the wrathful air.
But yet the sunlight, cheery and warm,
Kindling the darkness, paling the glare,
Tells that the fierce warring foe will deform
The scene little longer, but, shorn of his sway,
Breaking and dwindling, will vanish away.
While, scattered like stars in the glancing glow,
Lilies gleam out from the lake's deep gloom;
And trees rich chequer of shadow throw
Where wild birds warble and wild flowers bloom,
And waterfalls tinkle in foamy flow.

Symbol of life in its shadow and sheen!
Even when sorrow is shading the heart,
Hope's ray cheerily dances between,
Telling the tempest will soon depart.

Symbol of thee, with the lake of thy tears,
Oh land, and thy mountain of strife and of sorrow!
But bright through the battle-rack Hope appears,
Smiling in promise of golden morrow.

J. COOPER Sc.

THE RAPIDS.

Ho, the headlong rapids
  How they rush and rave,
Roaring through the forest
  Like the stormy wave!
How the curbless war-steeds
  Frenzied leap and strain!
See the frantic war-steeds
  Toss their flashing mane!

Brief the noontide thunder!
  Brief the lightning's ray!
Ever rolls the bolt here,
  Ever gleams the spray!
Woe, the crossing panther,
  Woe, the drinking deer,
Should the monster grasp them
  With his fangs of fear!

See the shattered pine-trees
  How they lean and rock,
As the bounding surges
  Beat with endless shock!
Dashing, tearing, tumbling,
  Down the surges go!
Ho, the tusks of granite
  How they champ the snow!

Forest Pictures

IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

THE SHALLOW.

I LOVE the little shoal, the sandy shallow of the lake,
Where towers the azure moosehead, glows the crimson Indian pink;
Where proudly sails the golden-footed, purple-pinioned drake,
And the yellow-throated, gem-eyed frog stares, hours, upon the brink!

There the darning-needle crooks among the rushes bristling round,
The brassy deer-fly plants its tingling arrow in the skin;
The water-soldier's helmet shines, the eel-grass rich is wound
In wavy floss of floating plumes to every stir within.

The sunlight, piercing downward, shows the shadows in their play
Mottling the amber ooze, and there the water-beetles glance;
There twist the gleamy, sunken twigs, the red-fin glistens gay,
The spring uptwirls its glittering grains in endless circling dance.

And there the moon-white lily spreads her nightly-hiding cup,
The sun-hued sister glows upon her pedestal of green;
There glides the muskrat's spotty head, bright air-bells bubble up,
And there the little shiner casts its flash of silver sheen.

And when the plume moth skims the shoal, the kingly trout comes in
With golden bronze and ruby gems and leopard-mantled back;
There, rippling, wades the lordly buck, and with wide echoing din
Salutes the loon the hunter's moon along its sparkling track.

And ofttimes too there rounds to view, where spreads the grassy park,
A reckless crew in birch canoe, with chorus rolling round,
To set the camp, to trim the lamp, and, by the margin dark,
Float for the deer with eye and ear on every sight and sound.

There undulates the water-shield, up points the pennoned grass;
The rocking swallow seeks the gnat, the night-hawk rumbles o'er;
The water-spider's globule shoots in silver through the glass
And floats the fire-fly's throbbing torch of gold along the shore.

THE LOWER SARANAC.

LIGHTLY flies my fleet bark across the glittering water,
Sweetly talk the ripples before the furrowing prow,
Mellow streams the sunset within the skirting forest,
Mellow melts the west wind in kisses on my brow.

Oh this life is glorious, this life within the wild-wood!
Far, oh, far away flee the troubles of our lot!
Wide expands the bosom, a boyish heart is dancing,
Dancing with the gladness o'erflowing every spot!

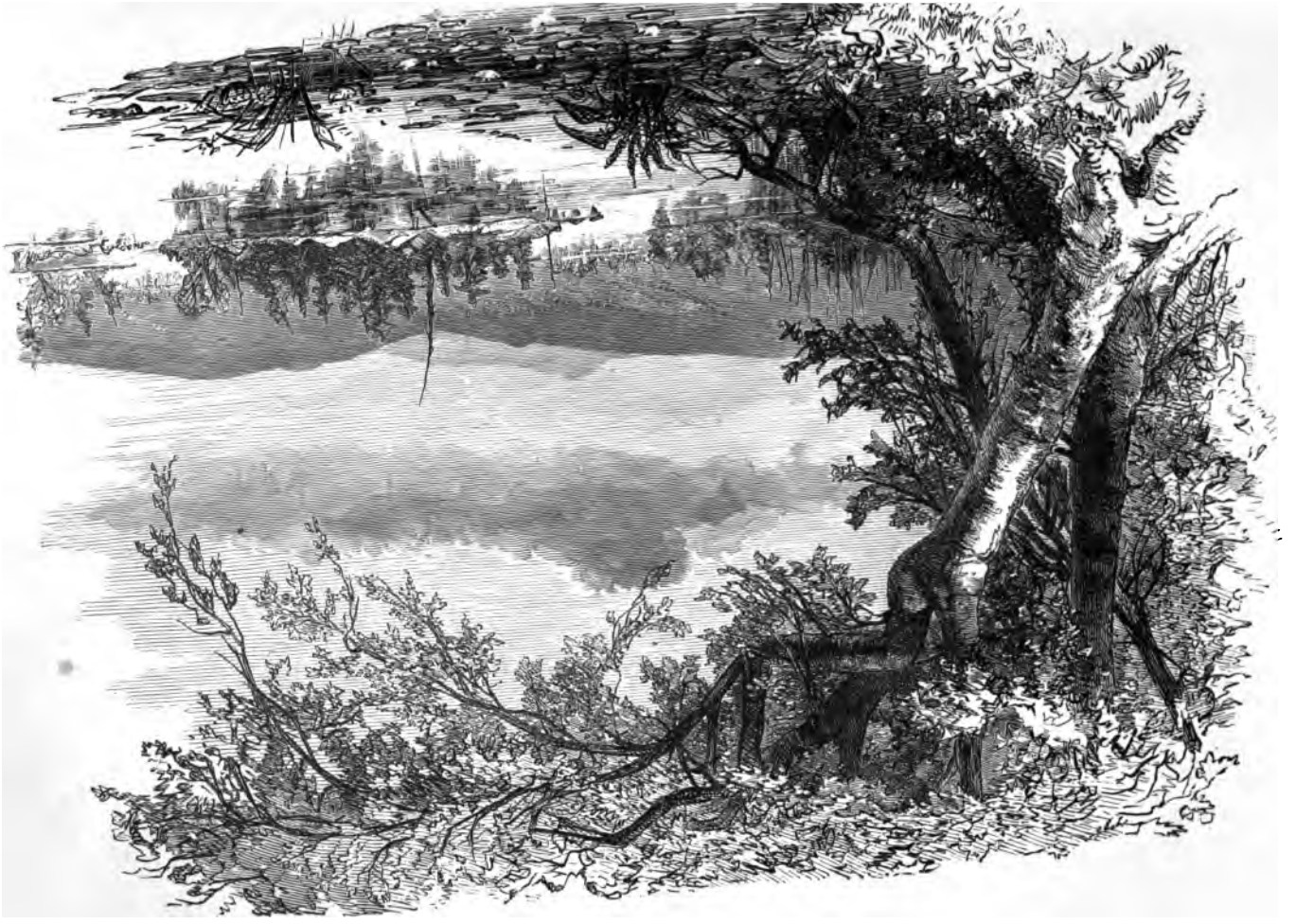
Dreamy like the past stands the distant blue Tahawhus;
Gleamy like the present, old Moosehead rears his crest;
Filmy like the future in front the bowery island;
Sparkling like our wishes the water's ripply breast.

Look, a wandering snowflake, the white gull in the distance!
Indian pink on pinions, the red-bird's darting glow!
Upward leaps the trout, and afar the loon is floating,
Dotting dark the sun-gleam, then flashing bright below.

Turn the buoyant bark through the elm's cathedral archway!
Nestles cool the cove filled with babble of the brook,
Sunny specks, and spice from the lily's pearly scallops;
So from glare of life hides some sweet domestic nook.

Onward then again, for the sunset now has kindled
Higher his grand camp-fire, and shines our tent before!
Crimson clouds are painting the purpled lake's enamel,
Golden gauzes gleam in the glades along the shore.

Onward, onward, thus do we press upon our journey,
Moved by restless longing, Heaven calling us away;—
Oh, may fading life be illumined like the sunset,
Beaming brighter, brighter, till darkness veils the day!



THE MOUNTAIN RAVEN.

Oh the pine-tree gaunt is the raven's haunt
On the mountain's misty crown,
Where the wild wind sings and the wild-wood swings,
And the cataract tumbles down!
And the mountain's gloom has tinged his plume,
The waterfall's flash his eye,
And the blast's hoarse shout, as it rocks about
The cedar-top, tunes his cry.

When the Lightning rears his flashing spears
In his fierce, red, terrible wrath,
The raven awakes, and his shout outbreaks
In the gloom of his shadowy path.
Oh, never the blast doth its fury cast
Abroad but the raven is there!
As drives the ship in the hurricane's grip,
He darts through the billowy air.

On the skeleton limb stands the raven grim,
Whetting his beak in glee,
While, quaking in fear, lies the bleeding deer,
For it knows what its doom shall be!
Oh the raven he hates, and never he mates
With the sunshine so merry and bright;
The ghoul of the woods, in their shadow he broods,
And his wing is a blot on the light.

HOWS

THE CATARACT.

THE cataract's catapult shakes the crag
Where the dead pine stands like the antlered stag.
One broad billow it boldly hurls;
And, shocked to its centre, the water whirls
Wild into madness of foam, and springs
  Forward in chaos of frantic wrath;—
Ever upsoaring on misty wings,
  White with the torment that whelms its path.
Cataract, bounding so fierce and free!
Sternness, not beauty, is fittest for thee!
Not where the Saranac nightingale weaves
  Webs of soft song to the red of the west
    Should the grand roar of thy anthem arise!
But where the shriek of the black eagle cleaves
  Wildly the gorge from some pinnacle-crest,
    Where a weird darkness haunts ever the skies!
Not where the summer day glitters in splendor,
  Or, sweet and tender, the moon lights the dome!
But where the swift burning zigzag of lightning
  Darts crimson brightening, to kindle thy foam!
Not where the deer drinks at dawn from the dingle
  Where richly mingle the dark and the bright!
But where the wolf, from his cliff-cavern prowling,
  Fills with wild howling the storm of the night!
Not where blue violets nod over the emerald sod;
  Not where the golden-rod, vase-like, outspreads;
But where the cedar dark lifts its rough, seamy bark,
  Where scarce a sunny spark sunny joy sheds.
Fierce bounding cataract! thus should it be!
Sternness and gloom, not grace, beauty, for thee!

MY CANOE.

You may boast of the haughty three-decker
That darkens the deep with her sail,
And the shocks of whose thunder majestical
Deaden the might of the gale!
How she crushes the billows beneath her,
The glory and pride of her crew!
But give me my light, little bubble,
My light, little, tight-built canoe!

Her curved frame is wrought of the fir-tree
And birch bark, the hue of the sun.
As over the carry we trudge along
Lizard-like, both seem as one.
Though buoyant as air, she is steady
When the tempest comes bellowing through;—
How she shoots, as the lake roars and whitens,
My faithful, tried, speedful canoe!

How she steals on the deer in his grazing!
And creeps to the trout in his sleep!
She vies with the pine-tree's soft melody;
Wakening the lute of the deep.
When winter blears bleakly the forest,
And the water binds gray to its blue,
Safe and sound in her covert I leave her,
Till spring calls again my canoe.

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

Tupper's Lake.

Sternly and darkly upheaves the rock,
  Throne for the thunder when storm is nigh;—
Battered and cleft in each century's shock,
  Broadly its furrowed brow flouts the sky;
Bare save the cedars that clutch the seams
And moss-gold streaked like the sunset gleams.

Glossy the lake in its lovely hush;
  Winds the deep cove at the crag's steep foot;
But keen white lightnings have seen the crush
  Of the stately pine-tree, branch and root.
Splintered and scorched on the rocks it lies,
Where proudly its plume once sought the skies.

The breath of the storm now blots the crag;
  Ghostly and grim point the skeleton trees;
Blacken the rifts;—but the lightnings lag;—
  Blacken the cedars;—no stir of breeze;—
Blacker and blacker the great crag's scowl;—
Hark! the fierce storm-lion's distant growl!

The rocks below gleam a ghastly light;
  The fish-hawk cowers for shelter there;
The distant island frowns, robed in night;
  See, the lake leaps to a startling glare!
The growl has deepened—a roar—a crash—
Thicken red lightnings, white surges dash.

Gloomy the crag, like a guilty dream!
  Motions all over tell writhing boughs;
Billows break on it, down torrents stream,
  Flashing through darkness; the strong blast ploughs
O'er it and down it;—thus ever should be
Wild crag and wild storm in company!

THE BELL OWL.

In the heart of the wood dwells the little Bell Owl.
Where the cedar lifts, high up, its steeple;
There he lolls all the day, a gray ball, all away
From the wild's singing, gambolling people.
But when the red torch of the day has burnt down,
And large looms the shadow-like hill;
When the bark of the black fox is heard from the glade,
And the black cat seeks prey by the rill,
Then, tinkle tink tinkle, the little Bell Owl
Makes clear the dark quietude thrill.

Oh, the little Bell Owl finds a sometimes retreat
In the tree-bole brown ruin is eating,
Where he dozes, then starts to the rattling tat tat
That the woodpecker's drumstick is beating.
He shrinks from all light, e'en the woods beaming white
In the delicate snow of the moon;
To the star-eyes alone, for they blink like his own,
Does he deign his sweet musical boon.
Then, tinkle tink tinkle, the little Bell Owl
The sleepy depths wakes with his tune.

Oh, the little Bell Owl loves the darksomest dells
Where the foxfire its silver is shedding;
And the grass flits in fits to the network of gold
From the lightning-fly's fairy-like threading.
And perchance, should the hunter camp down on the moss,
From his dream of the midnight he springs,
And, though naught meets his sight but his hound bathed in light,
Still the bell in the cedar-top rings;
Still, tinkle tink tinkle, the little Bell Owl
Abroad his full melody flings.

THE UPPER SARANAC.

WILD forest lake, thy waters spread
A mirror for the welkin's bound!
Thy breezes glide with rippling tread;
Thy linking brooks send tinkling sound.

Down to thy wave the fish-hawk swoops;
The wood-duck floats within thy bays;
Its trunks the water-maple groups
Along thy banks of leafy maze.

The gull darts by, a flash of snow;
Deep from thy brink green pictures gleam;
The loon shouts o'er, and shoots below;
The soft haze folds thee in a dream.

The lily lifts its creamy cup
In thy broad shallows, amber clear;
And there the thatch shoots bristling up,
And there steals down the drinking deer.

On thy bright breast each fairy isle
Strews its rock-vase, with foliage brimmed;
And from thee grandly, pile on pile,
Soar the steep crags with thunders rimmed.

In thy smooth glades the camp-fire flames;
The hunter's light boat tracks thy wave;
Thy ooze in caves the muskrat frames;
The otter, in thee loves to lave.

Wild forest lake! oh, would my home,
My happy home, were reared by thee!
Thence would my full heart never roam,
From care and trouble ever free.

THE AUSABLE.

In the stately Indian Pass,
From my fount of shadowy glass,
I struggle along in hollow song on my blind and caverned way.
Sharp, splintered crags ascend,
Wild firs above me bend,
And I leap and dash with many a flash to find the welcome day.

The lean wolf laps my flow;
In my pointed pools below,
The grand gray eagle's tawny eye like lightning fires the gloom.
Not oft is the warbling bird
In my jagged cradle heard,
For I am the child of the savage and wild, not pet of the sun and bloom.

I smite, in headlong shocks,
Roots clutching the ragged rocks,
And the blocks of my sable basins and the chasms my fury ploughs,
Where the raven, as o'er he flies,
Sees the frown of his deepest dyes,
As the murkiest pall of the forest is flung from the dungeon-boughs.

Old Whiteface cleaves apart
In dizziest heights his heart
For the roll of my rocky waters, and I lighten and thunder through.
And sometimes I tame my will
To sing like the wren-like rill,
And I mirror the flower and bending bower and laugh in the open blue.

But sometimes the cataract-rain
Fills my breast with frantic disdain,
And my boiling deep shoots torrent-like, lashing and crashing past;—
Whole forests I tear in my wrath;
Whole hamlets I strew on my path,
Till my wild waves break upon the lake, and I slumber in peace at last.

RACKET RIVER.

My spirit grieves, oh, river of leaves!
For the magic thy wild green beauty weaves!

From no slight spring light bubbles upfling
To trickle through pebbles, round ferns to swing.

But thou dost break, full up and awake,
From the soaring Blue Mountain's cradled lake.

Linked lakes then pass thy picture-bright glass
On through the forest's unbounded mass.

Thy wave now roves by colonnade groves;
Now blackens in bush-blotting, tamarack coves.

By dingles green, now it ripples in sheen,
Now crumbles to foam in some rocky ravine.

The Indian Plume burns ruddy in bloom
Like a torch of the gnomes in thy bordering gloom.

The harebell wakes by thy dashing breaks;
There, the wiry-hooked, golden-nooked columbine quakes.

Mossily tressed on the gray pine's crest
Looms, ragged and russet, the fish-hawk's nest.

Down yon smooth sides the black otter slides;
In this deep basin the white-fish hides:

See yon grassed park where the cedars dark
Have planted their tents round the shanty of bark!

To what sweet eves, oh, river of leaves!
To what glad dawnings fond memory cleaves!

Oft did I float o'er the golden gloat
Of the moon, in my buoyant, black, Saranac boat.

The soft white light made the dead tree bright,
And pearled into brilliance the tangled night.

Thus glows the spell of tree, wave, and dell,
Oh, river of leaves! but, at last, farewell!

STOWS

THE LOON.

Tupper's Lake.

Tameless in his stately pride, along the lake of islands,
  Tireless speeds the lonely loon upon his diving track;—
Emerald and gold emblazon, satin-like, his shoulder,
  Ebony and pearl inlay, mosaic-like, his back.
Sailing, thus sailing, thus sails the brindled loon,
When the wave rolls black with storm, or sleeps in summer noon.

Sailing through the islands, oft he lifts his loud bravura;—
  Clarion-clear it rings, and round ethereal trumpets swell;—
Upward looks the feeding deer, he sees the aiming hunter,
  Up and then away, the loon has warned his comrade well.
Sailing, thus sailing, thus sails the brindled loon,
Pealing on the solitude his sounding bugle-tune.

Sacred is the loon with eye of wild and flashing crimson;
  Eye that saw the Spirit Hah-wen-ne-yo through the air
Falling, faint a star—a shaft of light—a shape of splendor—
  Falling on the deep that closed that shining shape to bear.
Sailing, thus sailing, thus sailed the brindled loon
With the grand shape falling all a-glitter from the moon.

Long before the eagle furls his pinion on the pine-top,
  Long before the blue-bird gleams in sapphire through the glen;
Long before the lily blots the shoal with golden apples,
  Leaves the loon his southern sun to sail the lake again.
Sailing, then sailing, then sails the brindled loon,
Leading with his shouting call the Spring's awakening croon.

Long after bitter chills have pierced the windy water,
  Long after Autumn dies, all dolphin-like away;
Long after coat of russet dons the deer for winter,
  Plies the solitary loon his cold and curdled bay.
Sailing, there sailing, there sails the brindled loon,
Till in chains no more to him the lake yields watery boon.